

The Marietta.

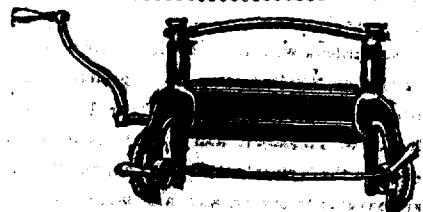
An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

VOL. 10.—NO. 46.

PUTNAM CLOTHES-WRINGER.



THE only reliable self-adjusting wringer. The frame being of iron, thoroughly galvanized, all danger from rust is removed, and the liability to shrink, swell, split, &c., so unavoidable in wooden machines, is prevented.

No thumb-screws or complicated fastenings to wear out or get out of order; it can be fastened firmly to the tub in a single second.

Warranted with or without Cog-Wheels.

It took the First Premium at Fifty-Seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and is, without an exception, the best wringer ever made. Instead of believing the statements of parties interested in the sale of other wringers, try it, and judge for yourself.

Test it thoroughly with any and all others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it. It will wring anything from a thread to a bed quilt without alteration.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

Putnam Manufacturing Co.,
Gentlemen: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxidize or rust one particle. I can safely say, after several years' experience in the manufacture of chain for chain-pumps and water-drawers, in which I have tested the affinity of iron and zinc, that if the process be conducted properly, it is a perfect weld of the two.

Nearly one year ago my family commenced using one of your wringers. It now performs all of its functions as well as it did the first time it was used, and has become an indispensable article with us. I have closely observed several other kinds of clothes wringers, the modes of operation being different, trying to produce the same results as the Putnam Wringer, but in my judgment they have failed. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can heartily recommend it to be the best in use.

Respectfully yours,
Cleveland, Ohio.
J. W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enable me to endorse the above statements in all particulars.

J. W. C. LEFFERTS,
No. 100 Hookman Street,
New York, January, 1864.

No. 1, \$6.50; No. 2, \$8.50.
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by the
PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 13 Platt Street, New York, and Cleveland, Ohio.
S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.

THE DRAFT.

Who would not be out of the Draft?
BUT that which effects us in connection with the Army, is not the only one—the draft upon the pocket—these times is equally severe—consequently we purchase goods where we get them cheapest.

John Spangler,
SUCCESSOR TO DAVID ROTH
IN THE HARDWARE BUSINESS.
Would take this method of informing the public that he is now prepared to furnish anything in his line of business, such as—

Glass, Oils, Varnishes,
Stores, Iron, Carpenter's Tools, Hinges,
Bolts, Locks, Nails, all kinds of
Building material, Coachmaker's
Goods, Cutlery, Clinks,
Fancy articles in large variety, with a full assortment of cheap goods generally, which he will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail. Call and examine the stock.
Marietta, March 5, 1864.

The Patent Conical Reflector Lamp.

THIS is the most durable Lamp in the market. It burns Coal Oil without a chimney, emitting neither smoke nor smell. It gives a pure white light.
It stands quick motions in any direction. The flame is regulated in form and size. It is neat and compact in form and size. It is free from solder in the upper parts, and is otherwise very substantial in its structure. It has the glass sides so arranged that breakers in large quantities can be broken and replaced. It has a cover reflector which increases greatly the force of the flame, serving at the same time the purpose of shade and eyes, which is very desirable.
It is sold lower in the market than any other lamp of the kind, and is regulated by the outside of the glass.
PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.
For sale at JOHN SPANGLER'S,
Hardware Store, on Market Street.

J. L. Baker,
Scribner and Compositor.
Would most respectfully take this means of informing his friends and the public generally that he has commenced the drawing of
DEEDS,
MORTGAGES,
JUDGMENTS,
and in fact everything in connection with a law. Having created a Bar, will enable him to execute instruments of writing, with accuracy and dispatch, at the office of J. L. BAKER, on Front Street, at the corner of the old Market Street, a square west of the old Bank Building, Marietta.

Don't forget, House, Mortgages, Judgments and all kinds of legal business, and for sale.

CHEAP LAMPS.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF
Coal Oil Lamps, and Lamp
of every pattern, suitable for the Parlor, the Kitchen, and the Chamber, and all other places, for sale at the lowest prices, and in large quantities at the lowest rates. We can sell them much under the retail price, and every other description of goods are on hand.

PATTERSON & CO.

SUBSCRIPTIONS received for all the leading periodicals of the Golden Era.

CHOICE HAVANA SEGARS, and the best Chewing and Smoking Tobacco at

WOLFE'S.

Published every Saturday Morning.

OFFICE: CHURCH Row, Front Street, five doors below Flury's Hotel.

Terms, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscription be not paid within six months the \$1.25 will be charged, and the paper will be sent until the arrears are paid.

Advertisements: One square (24 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Matrimonial notices, the simple announcement, free; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half-yearly advertisers.

Having recently added a large lot of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Marietta," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job and Card Printing, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the War times.

THE ACCEPTED.

I thank you for that downcast look, And for that blushing cheek, I would not have you raise your eyes, I would not have you speak; Though mute, I deem you eloquent, I ask no other sign, While thus your little hand remains Confidingly in mine.

I know you faint would hide from me Those tell-tale tears, that steal Unbidden forth, and half betray The anxious fears you feel; From friends long tried and dearly loved, The plighted bride must part; Then freely weep—I could not love A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home, Where in the summer time, Your hand has taught the clematis, Around the porch to climb; You casement with the wild-rose screen, Your little garden too, How many fond remembrances Endear them all to you.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof, Though on your suit she smiled, And spurning every selfish thought, Gave up her darling child; Sign not for her—she now may claim, And needs from more than one; She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles, Supported by her son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks Reliance on my trust; And never shall unkindness wound Your unsuspecting youth; If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts Oppress your husband's mind, Oh! never fear to chide to me, I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring— You have no cause to shrink, Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's Indissoluble link! And look upon your church, the place Of blessings and of prayer; Before the altar near my vows, Who could dissemble there?

Come to my home; your bird shall have As tranquil a retreat, Your dog shall find a resting-place, And slumber at your feet; And while you turn your spinning wheel, Oh! let me hear you sing, Or I shall think your cause to love Your little golden ring.

KISS ME, FATHER, ERE I DIE.

[AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.—] An only boy, whose mother had died in infancy, was brought home to his father's house to die from the effects of exposure in camp. On his death-bed his constant petition was, "Kiss me, father, ere I die," and down to the very last moment he clung to this request, and finally died in his father's arms, "as a weary child going to sleep."

Dearest father, I am going To a brighter, better clime; Soon my eyes will close forever, Shutting out the things of time; Raise my head upon my pillow, Let me feel that you are near; Press me to your weeping bosom— Kiss me, father, ere I die.

Father, I have done my duty In the camp and 'mid the strife; Soon I'll seal my deep devotion To my country with my life; But it soothes my dying moment When I know that you are by; Put your loving arms about me— Kiss me, father, ere I die.

Kiss me, father, as you used to, In my childhood's happy day; When I nestled in your bosom, Ere your locks had turned to gray; Cast a loving glance upon me As within your arms I lie; I am going, God be with you— Kiss me, father, ere I die.

VEGETABLE EATERS.—It is a very singular and patent fact, and one that seems never to have been noticed, that throughout the whole animal creation, in every country and clime on the earth, the most useful animals that eat vegetable food, work. The all-powerful elephant, and the patient, patient camel, in the torrid zone; the horse, the ox, or the donkey, in the temperate; and the reindeer in the frigid zone, obtain all their muscular power from nature's simplest productions—the vegetable kingdom. But all flesh-eating animals keep the rest of the animated creation in constant dread of them. They seldom eat vegetable food until some other animal has eaten first, and made it into flesh. Their own flesh is unfit for other animals to eat, having itself been made out of flesh; and is most foul and offensive. Great strength, sleekness of foot, usefulness, cleanliness, and docility are, then, always characteristic of vegetable eaters.

The retreat of Lee is an important occurrence, and our army is "what follows."

How Men Act in Battle.

A letter from a soldier makes the following interesting comments on the manner in which battles are fought, and explains why it is that after a terrible onslaught, perhaps of some duration, there should be so small a proportion of killed, and wounded.

If you were never in battle, you would not guess there were half the random shots fired that there are. Why, sir, I have seen whole regiments and brigades deliver their fire "when I was sure that they did not even wound a single man." Such firing, besides wasting the ammunition, does not intimidate the enemy at all; on the other hand, it "makes them feel that there is but little danger," and consequently he is more bold, and delivers his fire more accurately. Besides, if men are allowed to make these random discharges, it seems to become a habit, and they become so excited at it that they would offend more than ten times as many as they would hit him. Just in that way battles are often lost, while the commander, if he would, only stop it, and show them that they were doing no good, they would soon become collected, and after they once knew their folly, would, of their own accord, fire deliberately, and probably save the day after it had been comparatively lost.

Why, sir, in battle you often see company commanders charging around with their swords flourishing about their heads, crying: "Give it to them, boys, give it to them!" manifesting in themselves, and creating in others, all the excitement possible. Now, a second thought would show to their better judgment that they were doing more harm than good, for men become so excited under such circumstances that they would miss an elephant at ten steps. You often see the above blustering around when the enemy are at least off at a distance of one thousand yards, and to hear the roar of musketry and the excited commanders, you would think they would soon come to a hand-to-hand contest. What is it that excites a man in battle? Why, it is the danger. If you shoot at a man once he is very much excited; shoot at him a hundred times, and miss him every time, and all his fear and excitement is gone; but reserve your fire until you can do some execution, and, when they come, fire into them, cut his clothes, wound his neighbor, kill the second man from him, and let him see it, and the day will be won.

About Moths.

Many a lady, on taking out her furs the past winter, noticed the hairs falling out, and, on examining the skins themselves, found them perforated with small holes. These holes are cut by the moth—an insect whose habits every lady should know all about. Naturalists tell us that the moth is the larva of a family of insects called *Timea*. Its winged life begins in the spring, and lasts but a few months. It is small, and of a light brown color. After fluttering around a short time, it finds a mate, when the happy pair go to housekeeping, and to building up a family. The female creeps into cracks and crevices, "into closets and clothes' presses, under the edges of carpets, wherever nooks of darkness are stored away, and there she lays her eggs. The parents soon die. In a fortnight, the eggs hatch out into light colored caterpillars about a quarter of an inch long. They begin to gnaw upon whatever they can find to make nests of; it is in doing this that so many carpets, so much upholstery, and so many furs are punctured. In winter they lie torpid. In Spring, the chrysalis gives birth to the winged insect, which again begins the circle of pairing and egg-laying as its parents had done before. Now, as moths lay their eggs mostly in June, that evidently is the best time for making an onslaught among them. Take out every article of fur or woolen, give a thorough shaking and whipping, a long exposure to hot sun, if practicable; and another dressing with the switch, before storing them. "Pat self" and "Scotch snuff" under the edges of the carpets. Fumigate the closets and drawers with tobacco. On returning the articles to their places, put small branches of cedar or distributed little packages of camphor gum among them.—*American Agriculturist*.

"Humble, sir, I am," said a bolding American speaker at a meeting, "I will remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

"Then Came a Little Letter."

A clergyman who has lately visited one of our convalescent camps, where soldiers who are recovering from sickness or the effects of wounds are kindly cared for, says that he met an old soldier who said to him:

"Chaplain, are you going to the North?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And do you ever tell what God has done for us poor soldiers?"

"Yes, very often."

"Do you ever speak in the Sabbath schools to little children?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Will you tell them what the Lord has done for me?"

"What has the Lord done for you?"

"He has made me a better man; and one who hopes in his mercy," said the soldier.

"How was that?" said I to him.

"Well, I came to the war, leaving a home, a wife, and one child, a little girl. I frequently had letters from my wife, in which she said a good deal about religion. I didn't want such letters, sometimes I wouldn't read them for days, and sometimes I would curse them, and wonder why she would write such letters."

"One day I got a letter and it had in it a little letter. I wondered who that could be from. On opening it, I found it was from my little daughter, Mary."

"It was the first letter she ever wrote, and as she loved her father so much she said her first letter must be to him."

"And then I went on to say: 'Father, you will never see Aunt Mary any more, your own beloved sister.' She is dead now. Before she died she told me she was dying, and begged me to pray, and read the Bible, and be a Christian, and set out at once, and meet her in heaven."

"Oh, dear father, won't you promise your little Mary that you will set out, too, so when we all die we shall meet in heaven?"

"Chaplain, you don't know how that letter made me feel. It went like a shot to my heart; and I had no peace of mind till I had set my face toward heaven."

"Till the dear little children at the North how little letters from them make us feel—and fill us with a desire to be better men!"

Story with a Moral.

A young man who was paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits.

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began a conversation with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can?" he replied, "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you come, my sister begins to sing, and to get good, and she gives me cake, and pie, and everything I want; and she sings so sweetly when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while, then I would have a good time."

"But when you go off sister is not good; she gets mad; and if I ask her for any thing she says she has no more."

"This was a puzzle to the young man. 'Fools and children tell the truth,' quoth he; and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

MORAL.—Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

PAGE DRIVING.—A jury in New York City has just rendered a verdict of three thousand dollars in favor of a young lady, who was run over and severely injured by a butcher's cart. This verdict was given under instructions of the Supreme Court, and is a wholesome warning to those drivers who are inclined to treat the public highways as made especially for their use and belong exclusively to them.

It is the property equally of the whole people, and each citizen must take care to use them, so as not to injure his neighbor. But those who drive vehicles of all kinds appear to have the idea that pedestrians, when crossing the street, are intruders; who have no right to be in their way; and that they may run them down with impunity. The law on this subject, as just expounded by the highest tribunal in New York, is the law here; and the heavy damages awarded in that case ought to make every one careful how he dashes recklessly with his team through a crowded thoroughfare.

Sayings by Josh Billings.

That John Brown has halted a few days for refreshment.

That, most men had rather say a smart thing than do a good one.

That, backsliding is a big thing, especially on ice.

That there is 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that is twins.

That, you can't judge a man by his religion any more than you can judge a kid by the size of his collar and ribbands.

That, the devil is always prepared to see company.

That, it is treating a man like a dog to cut him off short in his narrative.

That, ignorance is bliss, ignorance of sewing, wood, for instance.

That, mummy will, I am sure, be saved simple, because that haint got anything to say.

That, the virtues of woman are, as I have said, that her frailties have bin taught her.

That, dry pastors are the best for flocks; flocks, or sheep, I mean.

That, men of genius are like eagles, that live on what the kill, while men of talents are like crows, that live on what has bin killed for them.

That, some peoples are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their grate descent, when in fact, their grate descent is just what the matter of them.

That, a woman can't keep a secret nor let anybody else keep one.

That, a little larking is a dangerous thing; that is, if it is not common.

That, it is better to fail in a noble enterprise than to succeed in a mean one.

That, a grate mummy men have bin eddicated oph from their feet.

That, a woman's heart is a good deal like a bird in a cage, open the door and the bird will fly out and never wants to cum back again.

That, a woman's heart is evidently failing the time of his last heat, being 10 to 1.

HOSPITAL STORIES.—A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes: "In one of the hospitals yesterday, while the chaplain was praying the Lord to be a shield unto the armies of the Union and Liberty, a wounded soldier rolled over in his bed, clasped his hands, raised his eyes toward the ceiling, and exclaimed: 'Breastworks, Lord—breastworks!'"

A Christian Commission brother was congratulating a wounded man upon the fact that he owed the salvation of his life to a pocket Testament which happily happened between a rebel bullet and his shirt ribs. He promised to give the soldier another Testament, and hoped it would be instrumental in saving not only his life, but his soul. His remarks were overheard by a New Yorker, who was suffering from a slight, but smarting wound in the side, and expressed himself as follows: "Look here, partner, if it had not been for a book-deck I don't know where I'd have been. It didn't hurt me much, but it knocked the top of my head, and the king of hearts higher than a kite! Can't you get a fellow a new Testament?"

A wounded Virginian Rebel and a wounded Pennsylvania Unioner, occupying adjoining beds, had a good-humored verbal tilt, as follows:

Union. Say, Reb, where are you from?

Rebel. I'm from Virginia, the best state in America.

Union. That's where old Floyd came from, the old thief.

Rebel. Where are you from, Yankee?

Union. I'm from Pennsylvania.

Rebel. Well, you needn't talk about old Floyd coming from Virginia as long as old Buchanan came from Pennsylvania. Don't you wish you hadn't said anything? Yankee!

Union. Are you an odd fellow?

Rebel. No, sir, I have been married more than a week.

Union. I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?

Rebel. No, I belong to the order of married men; I mean, I am married.

Union. How do you do, are you a Mason?

Rebel. No, I am a carpenter.

Union. A worse one than you, a Son of Temperance.

Rebel. No, I am a son of John Gosling.

A certain writer boasts that he directs all his shots at error. It is all he boasts at, for he never gets within gunshot of the truth.

Ladies should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

Ages of American Generals.

The following list goes to prove that the best of our military leaders are by no means young men, but mostly men in middle life: "General Rosecrans is 44, and General Grant 42; Stonewall Jackson died at 37. General Banks is 48; General Hooker 45; General Beauregard 46; General Bragg 49; General Burnside 40; General Gilmore 39; General Franklin 41; General Magruder 53; General Meade 48; General Schuyler Hamilton 42; General Charles S. Hamilton, 40, and General Foster 40. General Lander—a man of great promise—died in his 40th year. General Kearney was killed at 47, and General Stearns at 45; General Sickles was in his 41st year when he was wounded at Gettysburg, and General Reno was 37 when he died so bravely at South Mountain. General Pemberton lost Vicksburg at 45; General T. W. Sherman is 49, and General W. T. Sherman is 44. General McClellan was in his 35th year when he assumed command at Washington, in 1861. General Lyon had not completed the first month of his 43d year when he failed at Bull Run, in consequence of the coming up of General Joe Johnston, who was 51. General Keyes is 55; General Kelly 57, General King 40, and General Pope 41. General A. S. Johnson was 49 when he was killed at Shiloh. General Halleck is 48, General Hancock is 48, General Longstreet is 40. The best of the Southern cavalry leaders was General Ashby, who was killed at 38. General Stuart is 29. On our side, General Stanley is 30; General Pleasanton, 40, and General Averell about 40. General Phelps is 51; General Polk 58; General S. Cooper 68; General J. Cooper 54, and General Blunt 38."

THE FIRST CARETAKEN IN EASTHAMPTON.—Lyman Beecher's first pastoral charge was at Easthampton, L. I., then an out-of-the-way, isolated place, far behind the age. There was no carpet in the town; all the floors were sanded, and some of them worn through. The doctor, in conversation with his family, said:

Your mother introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money, and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vendue and bought a bale of cotton. She spun it and had it woven then she laid it down sized it, and painted it in oils, with a border all around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre. She went to New York for colors, and ground and mixed them herself. The carpet was nailed down on the garret floor, and she used to go there and paint. She also took some common wooden chairs and painted them, and cut out figures of gilt paper and glued them on and varnished them. They were really quite pretty. Old Deacon Tallmadge came to see me, stopped at the parlor door and seemed afraid to come in.

"Walk in, deacon," said I.

"Why, I can't," said he, "without stepping on it." Then, after surveying it awhile in admiration, exclaimed: "D'ye think ye can have all that and heaven too?"

THE MINISTER'S MISTAKE.—As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer:

"Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," says the lawyer.

"And what do you do with your mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer.

"Add pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And what do you do with your mistakes?" said the lawyer.

"Why, sir, I dispose of them in the same manner as you do. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching I meant to observe that the devil was the father of liars, but made a mistake, and said the father of lawyers. The mistake was so small that I left it go."

"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours."

"Well, what if it has?" said Smithers.

"He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think it is time honest men were at home."

"Well, yes," was the answer, "I must be off; but you needn't be in a hurry on that account."

"I say, Squire, have you any sons that would like to enlist in the cavalry?"

"No, but I've got some daughters that might enlist in the infantry service."